

MAN WITHOUT A PAST TRIES TO BRIDGE 10 YEARS

To Carl Von Osten Old Events
Seem Things of Recent
Occurrence.

TELLS OF HIS TRAVELS.

Describes Cities and Streets,
but Cannot Tell How He
Came to Be There.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 29.—Here is the most interesting thing that has been brought out in the efforts of alienists and scientists to piece together, by hypnotic suggestion, the shattered memory of Carl Von Osten, the Man Without a Past, who since Dec. 10 has been the most talked of patient in New Haven's latest hospital.

Under mesmeric impulses Von Osten, or Charles Osten, if that is his name, recalls things which to his sadly jumbled intellect seem plainly of recent occurrence. Investigation invariably shows that the things he describes are true, but, instead of happening recently, practically all of them date back ten or twelve years, or even longer.

In other words, events that he witnessed and persons whom he knew as far back as 1895 are perfectly clear to him, so clear, indeed, that he insists on moving them forward to the comparative present, while that part of his life which really covers the immediate period before his brain was injured remains a blank.

So it would appear that there is yet a wide gap in his memory to be bridged before the persons can expect to trace his movements of the past few months, and get in touch with his people wherever they may be.

Knows He's a Designer.

Through the courtesy of the officials of Grace Hospital, a reporter for The Evening World, who had come up from New York for the purpose, was permitted today to interview Von Osten at length. It was his first talk for a newspaper.

A more interesting psychological study than the man who recalls things of a decade ago, but cannot tell where he spent last October, would be hard to find anywhere. He knows the streets of New York and Berlin, apparently, and world events are as familiar to him as they would be to any well read, fairly informed man, but he can't recall the whereabouts of his wife or his child, and he cannot tell how he came to be where he is now.

"Maybe if I was allowed to go to New York I could walk the streets and find my home, if I have one there," said Von Osten, beginning the first interview he had furnished to the press.

"I know I am a designer. My hand is steady now, but I can't work out with pen or pencil an embroidery pattern, a monogram, or the fancy trimming that runs around a woman's gown."

These expressions are a sample of the speeches that Osten made to The Evening World reporter in the course of a two-hour chat.

A Blank of Five Years.

Osten is well enough to walk now. He strolled through the streets of New Haven today, accompanied by a nurse, and showed an interest in the street cars and shop-window displays. He appears to be able to discuss anything except his own recent personal history.

His mind is a blank when it comes to fixing time or exact address within the last five years.

The "Man of Mystery" does beautiful engraving in colors with pen and ink during spare time in the hospital. He interests the women by designing braids, patterns and skirt trimmings. He is an artist too, he claims, but says that his hand is not steady enough to make likenesses.

Prof. Allan R. Dieffenhoff, who conducted a series of hypnotic experiments on Osten, reports that the unfortunate man in the course of these spells weeps and calls aloud for his wife, Minnie, and son, John. The latter is five years old, so Osten says while under hypnosis.

"I know they must want me," Osten cries. "My wife loves me, and I see my little boy John climbing on my shoulder. God take me to them."

His Favorite Verse.

Osten drew a beautiful script, with red and black ink, surrounded with a border of German style scroll work, this verse:

It grieves me friends to hear my Maker's name
Thus spoken without reverence or shame.
Be thou a man Thy nobles rank maintain;
Aspend to God, but not in words profane.
Seem to be vulgar thus impolite;
'Tis neither brave, nor wise, 'Tis far from right.
Reflect, your maker now can stop your breath;
For self-respect, for friends you should fear.

And God in Heaven commands you shall not swear.

"I translated this from the German," said Osten to The Evening World representative. "It is a boyhood favorite of mine, and I don't like to hear a man take the name of God in vain. I know that, and must have repented this to friends, and maybe some one will recognize it."

While under the last hypnotic spell Osten spoke of Second avenue and Twenty-fourth street, Manhattan, and believes his wife and friends live there.

He knows the stores, particularly one saloon, in that neighborhood, and says he voted from a laundry at the last election.

His Known History.

Here is the known history of Osten: He was found on the evening of Dec. 10 unconscious on a street near the New Haven Railroad station. His hat was gone, his pockets rifled, and he was bleeding from the side of the face. It

Man of Mystery in New Haven Hospital; His Memory of Events of 12 Years a Blank



SAMPLE OF
BRAID
DESIGN

CHARLES
VON OSTEN

To men whom men read as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce virtuous
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two when God has not.

PEN AND INK ENGRAVING BY THE MAN
OF MYSTERY.

Can You Identify This Man?

Here is a pen picture of Carl Von Osten, also called Charles Osten, "The Man of Mystery," whose mind is a blank concerning his wife and home:

Between thirty-five and forty years of age.
Five feet one inch in height.
Weighs about 135 pounds.
Small brown eyes.
Dark brown moustache.
Dark brown hair, parted on side.
High forehead.
Ear tops hang slightly.
Shoulders broad and small legs.
Wears gold ring on second finger of left hand. Ring has curious scroll and diamond chip ornaments centre.

He is a patient in the Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

My head hurt me. But I continued working and my wife took my designs to the shop and collected my pay.

"There was a man who followed me around. I remember, and wanted me to jump in the East River. I took the train to New Haven. I think, to escape him. I had \$10 in November, 1888, and took with me when I got on the train for Connecticut.

"I told him I was in Nauvoo, Illinois. My sister, Clara, is thirty years old. My brother, Hans, thirty-two, is an architect, and George, twenty-eight, and the youngest of the children, is a civil engineer. My uncle, Dr. Otto Hughes, practices near Germantown, Pa., and my cousin, David, lives at Mount Auburn, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gives Some Names.

"I have two good friends in New York. They are Paul Kramer, an instrument maker, and Carl Fierich, a musician, who works for Wells, a caterer, on Third avenue, near Sixty-first street."

When Osten talked up the memories of these facts as coming to his mind in a dream. While in the trance he speaks in a faint voice, and his statements are taken down by a stenographer present for that purpose.

A man named Klein did conduct a lace curtain designing shop at Grand and Cedar streets, as Osten describes, but that was in 1885. Fierich, the confectioner, worked for Caterer Wells, but that was in 1888. The doctors say that this far Osten has not been able to fix dates, street numbers, but that he repeats facts.

Prof. Dieffenhoff will put Osten to sleep again on Sunday. The patient is told of the treatment, and he is indifferent on the subject.

HEARING FOR RICHARDSON.

Elmira Man Arrested in Chicago to Be Represented Before Governor.

Extradition papers in the case of Frederick H. Richardson, of Elmira, who is under arrest in Chicago, charged with embezzlement, were presented to Gov. Hughes today for his consideration.

Col. Treadwell, the Governor's military secretary, said that no further action could be taken until the matter had been referred to the military board.

Mr. De Navarro and the little daughter who came with "Our Mary" several weeks ago will remain in New York until the middle of next month on account of the illness of his father.

There are four survivors of the Republic wreck on the Pacific. They are Dr. De Navarro and the little daughter, of South Orange, Charles F. Law, of Vancouver, and Dr. A. Lamb.

Fire Wipes Out Town.

COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Jan. 29.—The town of Coffeyville, across the line from here in Oklahoma, was almost wiped out by a fire that broke out at 10 o'clock today. The fire destroyed thirteen business houses, two banks and one county court house. The loss is estimated at \$200,000.

STEAMERS IN COLLISION.

ANTWERP, Jan. 29.—The Leyland line steamer Antilla, from New Orleans and London, was in collision today with the steamer Repel. The Antilla was badly damaged.

The finest tea grown in the world is said to be the "Tia" tea, which is said to be the best in the world. It is said to be the best in the world.

\$500,000 BURNED UP IN AN HOUR AT HOBOKEN FIRE

Big Bakery of Schmalz & Sons
Quickly Laid in Heap
of Ruins.

EXPLOSIONS AID WRECK

Fence Saves Heads of Fire Department Under Wall
Blown Down.

The quickest and most destructive fire Hoboken has experienced since that which laid the North German Lloyd docks in ruins consumed the immense bakery of Schmalz & Sons today. In less than an hour the great four-story building at Eighth and Clinton streets, with its costly machinery and store of supplies, was completely destroyed. Frederick Schmalz, head of the firm, estimates the loss at \$500,000.

The Schmalz bakery gave employment to 100 persons. No work is done in the place on Saturday and there were only five employees in the building when fire was discovered in the basement today.

Ideal conditions were offered for a great fire. The interior of the building, absolutely dry, grease specked and filled with flour dust, was as inflammable as a powder magazine. The blaze swept through with incredible rapidity, cutting off escape by the stairways of one employee on the third floor.

Rescued on Scaling Ladders.

This man, a baker, placidly climbed on a window sill, closed the window behind him and waited for help. When the firemen arrived John Garrity, of Engine No. 6, took him down with the aid of scaling ladders. It was the first time these ladders were ever used in Hoboken in public, and the innovation caused almost as much excitement as did the fire.

Reynold Henegart, cashier for Schmalz & Sons, was in the office on the ground floor of the building getting ready to go to the bank when the alarm was given. He had a pile of \$3,000 in bills in an open drawer of his desk.

Henegart says that, when he heard the cry of "fire," he went to an outer office to put on his rubbers. The flames swept through the offices, cutting him off from the room he had just left, and he was compelled to flee. The \$3,000 pile of banknotes he left behind was consumed, he told Mr. Schmalz, it will be seen that Mr. Henegart wears probably the most valuable pair of galoshes in the world—a carload of galoshes could be bought for \$3,000.

Under Falling Wall.

Chief Duan and Assistant Chief Fenton, of the Hoboken Fire Department, had a narrow escape from death during the fiercest part of the blaze. They were about a yard in the rear of the bakery making an investigation when the wall fell out on them. Fortunately they were protected by a fence and escaped with bruises.

There were five loud explosions during the fire. It is believed that the great nightfall came in the cellar full of gas and blew up when submitted to intense heat. One of the explosions blew out the entire front wall of the bakery.

Just before this wall fell Mrs. G. H. Hilder, of No. 72 Clinton street, across the street from the factory, was rescued in an ambulance to St. Mary's Hospital. The ambulance had barely cleared the block when the wall crashed out into the street.

The heavy snow added the firemen in keeping the blaze confined to the bakery and out of the lumber yard of the East Lumber Company, adjoining. The better factory of Albert Rudnitz, close to the bakery, suffered some damage.

FORMER SURROGATE DIES.

SARATOGA, Jan. 29.—Elias H. Peters, formerly Surrogate of Saratoga County for many years, died suddenly at his home here today of cerebral hemorrhage. He was sixty-eight years old.

PRIZE KITTENS POISONED.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—Eight blooded kittens which prize prizes in the recent Roachford cat club exhibition are dead from strychnine poisoning, and their owners, Mrs. J. B. Moss, is at a loss to account for it. After the show the kittens, each with its prize ribbon, were put in a wire crate and locked yard, but died within a week.

READY TO MARRY

SISTER-IN-LAW IF
SHE ELUDES JAIL

Bartholomew, Nemesis of the
Parmess Family, Would
Not "Steal" Annie.

HE FAVORS A DIVORCE.

Also Believes Wicked Brother
Anton Deserves Term
in Prison.

Bartholomew Parmess, a little bit of a dark chap from Giovi del Callo, which is the capital of the province of Bari, Italy, was standing on the steps of the Yonkers City Court as early as 8 o'clock today awaiting the arraignment of his brother Anton on a charge of stealing their brother Frank's wife a year and a half ago.

The dark, lurid light of vengeance glowed in Bartholomew's eyes as he paced up and down. As told in The Evening World yesterday, Frank and Annie Parmess were living in Yonkers in 1907 when Bartholomew and Anton Parmess arrived from Italy.

In the little home town all three brothers had wooed Annie Maso, but Frank won her and endeavored to escape the attention of his two brothers to his bride.

But to his consternation about two years ago brother Anton and brother Bartholomew appeared and showed every indication of entering the lists against brother Frank.

The Yonkers Italian colony was agitated and watched developments with interest. How brother Anton won Mrs. Parmess from his brother Frank and eloped, and how the bereaved brother Frank and the sorrowing Bartholomew were left behind in Yonkers has already been told.

Bartholomew was in court today in the guise of nemesis, he having written to the old home in Italy and discovered that the eloping pair had written home that they were in Albany. In Albany brother Bartholomew got track of the couple in Schenectady, and told brother Frank that they could there be found. Brother Frank didn't seem to value very much interest in his wife's movements, but roused by Bartholomew, he consented to have them arrested at No. 135 Ferry street, Schenectady, where brother Anton was running a barber shop.

"I would have followed them to the ends of the earth," said brother Bartholomew today. "Wherever they hid I would have found them."

"Do I still love my sister-in-law? Well, yes, but I'd never steal her from Frank, if he'd just send her to prison I will marry her if Frank will divorce her; if not I will go away somewhere and never see her again."

So saying the vengeful Bartholomew fell to once more pacing the sidewalk.

HOTEL GUEST FOUND DEAD.

Herbert Burroughs, of Providence, Victim of Heart Failure.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 29.—Herbert Burroughs, of Providence, R. I., treasurer of the Builders' Iron Foundry of that city, was today found dead in bed at the Port Hotel. Heart failure is given as the cause of death.

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Excepting that Mr. Burroughs was prominent in Eastern business circles and registered to the hotel last night very little could be learned from the hotel people.

It is said Mr. Burroughs was single, and that his mother is in a feeble condition in her home in Providence.

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ELOPING WIFE AND BROTHER-IN-LAW WHO PURSUED HER



MRS. ANNIE PARMESS
BARTHOLOMEW
PARMESS.

LEFT THOUSANDS TO
CHARITY BY HIS WILL

Residue of Charles Mayer's
Estate Goes to Relatives
in Germany.

The will of Charles Mayer, a member of the firm of M. & C. Mayer, was filed for probate in the surrogate's office today by Guggenheim, Untermyer & Marshall, attorneys for Max W. Mayer and Joseph Ettlinger, the executors to the will.

Mr. Mayer left \$500 to the United Hebrew Charities, \$300 to Mount Sinai Hospital, \$300 to the Montefiore Home, \$1,000 to Lehigh Hospital, \$1,000 to the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews and \$1,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital.

He directed that \$500 be divided among such employees of the firm of which he was a member as had been in the continuous employment of the firm for twelve years prior to his death. This will leave each of such employees \$40.

To his brother, Max W. Mayer, he left \$10,000; to Charles Levinson, \$5,000; to Joseph Ettlinger, \$5,000; and to Alice Mayer, daughter of Max W. Mayer, \$5,000. Mr. Mayer divides the residuary estate between relatives of his in Germany.

FIRES IN TWO TOWNS.

Heavy Losses by Business Men in
Cinnamin.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 29.—The town of Emerson, Manitoba, last night destroyed the Alexandria Block, the largest in town. Loss \$50,000.

The business portion of the town of Sengheim, Ont., a division point on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was wiped out by fire last night. The fire broke out in a hardware store, and spread to a hard fight as the firemen registered 27 degrees below zero.

AN ACID TEST

In order that a newspaper may add new subscribers to its circulation list, it must necessarily be read, analyzed and found not wanting.

The average circulation of the Morning World in 1908 was

352,361
Copies Per Day.

This was an average gain over 1907 of 20,012 copies per day.

The Morning World's New York City circulation, daily, exceeds that of the Herald, Sun, Times, Tribune and Press COMBINED.

A newspaper that so successfully advertises itself should successfully advertise your business or domestic "wants."

Possibly that's why The World printed 1,200,873 separate advertisements last year—168,894 more than the Herald or ANY OTHER newspaper on earth.

And isn't that a good reason why you should advertise in To-Morrow's

SUNDAY WORLD?

COWS AS PRIZES FOR ESSAYS ON MILK FOR CITY

Dr. Darlington Has Plan to
Stir Interest in Subject
Among Dairymen.

As an incentive for dairy farmers to take a greater interest in milk production, both from an economical as well as a sanitary standpoint, Health Commissioner Darlington has decided to offer two cows as prizes for the two best essays written on the subject of "How clean and wholesome milk may be produced at the least cost for the New York market."

Any dairy farmer, or member of his household, may take part in the competition, the only condition being that milk from his dairy is sold in New York. There being dairies supplying milk to New York City in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio, it is reasonable to estimate that over 10,000 essays may be received.

Dr. Darlington said today: "I have had the idea in mind for a long time, and I have at last come to the conclusion that the offer of a prize in the shape of a cow would be the best way to stimulate an increased interest in milk production. Some time ago I mentioned the scheme to two gentlemen, James Speyer, the banker, and Wendell Huntington, and they at once volunteered to give me all the support needed. Now they have written me, enclosing checks to pay for the support of the scheme."

"The amount of the checks is ample to purchase two cows of a fancy breed, and as I have many good judges of cows on my staff I know that the animals purchased will be some of the best of their kind."

A reasonable period of time will be given, up to June 15, 1909, for the preparation of the papers.

All our inspectors will give the scheme what publicity they can, and we look to the country papers to take the thing up, so that every dairymen, no matter how isolated his farm may be, will be properly informed of the contest."

MARTHA FINLEY DEAD.

Authoress Attained Fame Through
Her "Elsie" Books.

ELKTON, Md., Jan. 29.—After several weeks' illness Miss Martha Finley, the author, died today at her home here, aged eighty-two years.

Miss Finley was born at Chillicothe, O., April 26, 1828. Her girlhood was spent at South Bend, Ind. Miss Finley's best known works were the "Elsie" books. She had lived in Elkton for the last thirty years.

IF IT DISAPPEARS, IT'S ECZEMA

How to Tell Whether a Skin Affection Is an Inherited Blood Disease or Not.

Sometimes it is hard to determine whether a skin affection is a sign of a blood disorder or simply a